Robin's Bulletin Board

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Summary: Messages from the group's Tactician to the Shepherds. Inspired/Idea Stolen from 'Please Stop Eating the Hell Butterflies'. Shorts.

Chapter 1: Intro

Title: Robin's Bulletin Board

Rating: PG-ish

Summary: Announcements to the Shepherds from their tactician

Warnings: Absolute crack

Notes: Inspired by (read=idea totally taken from) 'Please Stop Eating The Hell Butterflies' (fanfiction dot net/5982232/1/Please-Stop-Eating-The-Hell-Butterfl ies). This was originally intended to be a tumblr-only thing for me but I figured what the hell there's no reason not to put it up here as well.

In Robin's defense, it had taken several months to get to this point. Pressured by the insane actions around him, the tactician had finally retreated into his tent and refused to come out until they agreed to start behaving.

This agreement was broken five seconds later thanks to a drunken Vaike screaming 'food fight' and it degenerating from there. Robin proceeded to have one of his brainwaves that, thankfully, ensured he would never need to deal with one of these problems again.

The shepherds woke up the next morning to find a large wooden sign outside Robin's tent, with various announcements hammered into it. Amused, they found it consisted mostly of orders for them to stop specific acts.

This encouraged them to start a betting pool around who could get the most insane and/or disturbing event on the bulletin board. Henry's winning.

Chapter 2: Chapter 1

Title: Robin's Bulletin Board

Rating: PG-ish

Summary: Announcements to the Shepherds from their tactician

Warnings: Absolute crack

Notes: Inspired by (read=idea totally taken from) 'Please Stop Eating The Hell Butterflies' (s/5982232/1/Please-Stop-Eating-The-Hell-Butterflie s)

All Shepherds: Has anyone seen Kellam recently?

Chrom: We only have so many training dolls, please stop breaking them.

Lissa: If I catch you slipping frogs into my tent one more time I'm telling Tharja I'm proposing to you then stepping back to enjoy the fireworks. – YES, I KNOW YOU'RE MARRIED ALREADY (and how on earth you managed to get Lon'qu to agree to that is another mystery) BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK THARJA WILL STOP TO THINK ABOUT THAT

Frederick: One pebble is not going to kill Chrom. Being crushed by the bags of pebbles you have collected, however, will. If you're going to insist on this inane practice of clearing the road, at least throw the pebbles to the side instead of leaving sacks of them around camp.

Sully: Did you take my copy of "The Rights of Women"?

Virion: That last trick shot of yours almost took my eye out. Please stop. – No, telling me it'll make me look like a white Basilio with hair does not help.

Stahl: I know you're the one taking our extra food. – Okay, except for the desserts, but we all know that was Gaius and he doesn't even have plausible deniability.

Vaike: For the love of Naga, please put a shirt on.

Miriel: Vaike's intelligence or lack thereof is not 'absolute zero' for IQ tests.

Sumia: You know, that rhubarb /was/ for medicinal purposes. Stop using all of it.

Kellam: Sign your name here to make sure I know we didn't leave you on the boat on the way here. _

Donnel: Stop planting our carrots, we're marching and by the time they've grown we'll be on the wrong side of the continent. Eat them instead.

Lon'qu: Oh for gods sakes man if a woman asks you to help her carry something just do it next time.

Ricken: Racks are torture machines, not a method to grow taller.

Maribelle: Stop torturing Lon'qu for, and I quote, "Taking your darling away from you"

Panne: Stop calling Lon'qu a murderer just because he wears a fur coat. He's from Ferox, it's cold there.

Gaius : I know it's you. Stop taking the candy.

Cordelia : Please stop correcting everybody all the time , it's irritaing. (Irritating – Cord) - - DID YOU SERIOUSLY JUST SPELLCHECK ME?

Gregor : Why would you need two hundred gold pieces? – I'm not giving you two hundred gold pieces to go get drunk.

Nowi : I know that you're really a few hundred years old, but you look like a prepubescent girl. For the love of Naga, woman, put some clothes on before you get us all arrested for pedophilia *again*

Libra: No, Gaius is not actually going to sacrifice his firstborn for candy. Learn to take a joke.

Tharja: Stop creeping into my tent at the middle of night to cut off a lock of my hair.

Anna: You should be ashamed of yourself for marketing that Rack to Ricken.

Olivia: Please learn how to use a sword properly, you're just dead weight in combat right now. – oh gods please stop crying.

Cherche: "Because if you don't I'll feed you to Minerva" is not a catch-all end-all argument.

Henry: Put the dead bird back where you found it – I refuse to believe you found it in my tent. Get rid of it. – Why did you borrow my copy of "Necromancy most occult"?

Lucina: If there's something I've done wrong, please tell me. – No, I'm just unnerved because every time I glance over my shoulder while you're in the same room you're glaring at my back and polishing your sword.

Chapter 3: Chapter 2

Title: Robin's Bulletin Board

Rating: PG-ish

Summary: Announcements to the Shepherds from their tactician

Warnings: Absolute crack

All Shepherds: Guys we left Kellam on the boat we have to go get him.

Chrom: Just because you are the Exalt and carry the blood of Hero King Marth in your veins does not mean it is sociably acceptable to break down the wall of a church and not even offer to pay for its repairs first.

Lissa: Fish are food, not friends. I don't know where you got that idea from.

Frederick: I'd like to thank you for that suit you managed to supply Chrom and I on such short notice, but seriously, how the hell did you have two pressed suits on you at all times? Even I'm not that over prepared.

Sully: THIS IS NOT A PATRIARCHAL SOCIETY STOP CUSSING AT CHROM AND CLAIMING HE'S SUPRESSING YOUR RIGHTS

Virion: Just because we passed through Roseanne doesn't mean you can drink all of the wine we had in storage. – No, being homesick is not an excuse!

Stahl: There are plenty of other things that you might be the best at. There's literally no way for you to be the perfect average.

Vaike: Before you ask, your axe is in the supply convoy. Like it always is, has and will be until you learn to stop dropping it.

Miriel: It is literally impossible for someone to be the perfect average in all areas, please stop making Stahl think he is the exception that proves the rule. – What do you mean, I don't have any proof? Who the hell else would come up with such an inane idea?!

Sumia: …I don't care what your romance books say, ravishing your husband under the moonlight isn't appropriate in the middle of the war. Please keep that inside Chrom's tent. – No, the fact that it's forbidden in the books doesn't make me reconsider my stance, it just reinforces it!

Kellam: We'resorrywe'resorrywe'resorrywe'resorry

Donnel: While your snares are useful, I think you should build them further from camp and go apologize to Panne. She's really annoyed.

Lon'qu: Please tell me you didn't intentionally stab Maribelle.

Ricken: The laws of reality are not yours to break at any given time, otherwise you'd be taller. Stop trying to emulate Tharja and Miriel at the same time, it won't end well.

Maribelle: If you didn't want to get stabbed by the known gynophobe, WHY DID YOU SNEAK UP ON HIM AND GRAB HIS SHOULDER SHOUTING "GOT YOU!?"

Panne: In Donnel's defense, if you weren't so crazed for the carrots you probably would've seen the snare. It was kind of obvious.

Gaius: I have to commend you on crippling Walhart's funds so easily when you raided that castle, although the army could have used that money for something more useful to our PROTRACTED WAR EFFORT than candy.

Cordelia : Okay, I'm not even mad about what you did last battle with the somersault and the 'Gregor-bombing'. That was amazing.

Gregor : Oh, we healed you already, it was only two broken femurs from the landing, stop demanding hazardous work environment pay so you can go get more drunk than normal.

Nowi : The Valmese Resistance do not appreciate being used as playmates when you do not inform them ahead of time.

Libra: Chrom's sorry about the church, please heal him.

Tharja: Just a heads up, that lock of hair you stole from me was actually Libra's. I took the liberty of preparing for that circumstance, now kindly stop being so damn creepy. – What do you mean 'that explains why he's been following you around like a lost puppy demanding you rip of your very few remaining clothes?!' - …oh, shit.

Anna: Embezzling us is a crime. Please stop it. If you can find a way to embezzle Walhart, however…

Olivia: You danced beautifully last night. – WHY DO YOU RUN AWAY SHAKING YOUR HEAD IN DENIAL AND CRYING WHENEVER I COMPLIMENT YOU?

Cherche: Just because we passed through Wyvern Valley and found your son does not mean you can adopt multiple more Wyvern's 'just in case any of us decide to Class Change'. NOBODY ELSE KNOWS HOW TO FLY A WYVERN, CHERCHE.

Henry: I was awoken by a horde of undead birds cawing unnaturally and swooping through the camp, attacking anyone they could see. I…you're never borrowing any of my books again. Ever. – HOW THE HELL DID YOU INTERPRET 'PUT THEM BACK WHERE YOU FOUND THEM' AS 'TURN THEM INTO ABOMINATIONS' ANYWAY?! – no, they did not come from the air, I meant where did you find the corpses originally?

Lucina: …While it's a step up from the glaring and the polishing of swords, seeing you flush and run away whenever I turn around is making me marginally uncomfortable. Is there something wrong?

Say'ri: Your resistance really needs to work on its organizational skills. It's almost as if they're going to turn traitor.

Gerome: Welcome to the Shepherds. Honestly, you'd have been better off staying in the valley.

Chapter 4: Chapter 3

Title: Robin's Bulletin Board

Rating: PG-ish

Summary: Announcements to the Shepherds from their tactician

Warnings: Absolute crack

Notes: Inspired by (read=idea totally taken from) 'Please Stop Eating The Hell Butterflies' (s/5982232/1/Please-Stop-Eating-The-Hell-Butterflies)

Chrom: please don't kill me.

Lissa: please stop your brother

Frederick: please don't kill me.

Sully: Call off your horse, please. Vaike started it, I just sort of got dragged along in the process

Virion: I'm not giving you the tea back until you surrender your secrets of how you're that good at chess.

Stahl: Congratulations, you've managed to defy logic and prove that you are average at everything. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to weaponize that somehow.

Vaike: I'm not rubbing aloe vera into your sunburns, we warned you multiple times. Enjoy.

Miriel: Eugenics is not a proven science at this time, stop plotting which shepherds go with which shepherds to produce the strongest possible time travelling children.

Sumia: I swear, we're getting married AFTER the war. Please stop planning the wedding and gushing about grandchildren.

Kellam: Stop doing work around the camp, it freaks everyone out and Libra is convinced we need an exorcism.

Donnel: Stop encouraging your wife, if I ever hear you go "I thought Double Dragon was a great idea" again I'm throwing you back to the bale of hay we found you in.

Lon'qu: Peeling potatoes is not a form of modern performance art.

Ricken: Yes, I know, we all heard your excitement when you found out you grow into a freaking wall of a man in the future somehow. I'd also like to remind you that you probably die before you can really enjoy it, so focus on the little things first.

Maribelle: While I'm grateful for your assistance in diplomatic meetings with the Valmese resistance, please don't insult their own cultural variant of tea next time. It almost caused a skirmish.

Panne: If you really want to convince us all that you're not just a rabbit on two legs, maybe your reaction to the wolves howling shouldn't have been trying to burrow under everyone's beds.

Gaius : Put the Uliar Gem back. The candy "Uliar Rock" is not named after it because they are inferior copies of the original, but rather because they look like it. The Uliar Gem is not edible, and is in fact of great religious significance to that temple. – Well, if you'd just believed me, maybe you wouldn't have broken a tooth on it!

Cordelia : I'm going to pretend that I didn't notice the fact that the names in your romance books had been replaced with a certain someone else's and your own. It's a perfectly healthy fantasy, but you need to let it go because you're seriously starting to remind me of Tharja a little.

Gregor : Please don't try to take credit for Kellam's work to get more money.

Nowi : Stop riding the wyverns while transformed, "Double Dragon" is not an efficient combat strategy and doesn't look very comfortable either.

Libra: We don't need an exorcism, it's just Kellam.

Tharja: Stop stalking Lucina and threatening to make her hair fall out. For one, she doesn't care that much about it, and

for another she can probably take you in a fight. – No, that doesn't mean I want to watch you two have a 'catfight', I'm saying stop antagonizing her because she can and probably will stab you.

Anna: The "Strategy for Dummies", while appreciated, isn't that useful. – It was a GIFT, Anna, you don't get paid for giving out gifts. – NO, YOU CAN'T RETROACTIVELY CHANGE IT TO A SALE.

Olivia: I'll have a word with Vaike, in the future do not accept any offers of new dance moves from unmarried male members of this army. They will almost always involve risqué movements.

Cherche: Put. The Wyverns. Back. – No, they are NOT bait to lure your son back, I'm pretty sure the only one he cares about is Minerva. Now put them back!

Henry: Don't make me hand you over to the enemy. I'll do it, I swear to all the gods.

Lucina: PDA is not appropriate, no matter how much either of us enjoy it, especially not when that's how your father finds out about our relationship while our daughter from the future waves awkwardly saying "hi grandpa"

Say'ri: I swear, we're working on saving your kingdom. I'd love to say we're normally more reliable than this but we're really not. Now excuse us while we sail across the ocean to save Cordelia's daughter, and then probably do something in the outrealms. – No, the entire army does not have ADHD. I think.

Gerome: You get your emo ass back here and socialise with your parents, you might be the only thing that can stop them from flooding this camp with dozens of wyverns.

Inigo: Welcome to the shepherds, if you touch my daughter nothing will ever save you. – I have been informed that I have no say in your punishment should it ever be needed, Lucina is first in line. – I have been informed that I have no say in the matter yet another time, Sumia is behind her. – …I have been informed that I am in fact fourth in line, Chrom has also expressed interest in harming you should you try.

Morgan: Repeated brain trauma doesn't heal memories, it harms them. Also, we need those poles intact. – No, honey, that doesn't mean you hit your head on the other side of the pole to 'even them out', dented metal doesn't work that way.

Chapter 5: Chapter 4

Title: Robin's Bulletin Board

Rating: PG-ish

Summary: Announcements to the Shepherds from their tactician

Warnings: Absolute crack (and i screwed up so now featuring a changed morgan entry)

Notes: Inspired by (read=idea totally taken from) 'Please Stop Eating The Hell Butterflies' (s/5982232/1/Please-Stop-Eating-The-Hell-Butterflies)

Attention All Shepherds: Alright, I'm back from my honeymoon, and somehow the camp hasn't burned down in my absence. Good job, team. Please don't resume wreaking havoc just because I'm back.

Chrom: Oh no, I had to put up with you and Sumia acting like this for four freaking years, you can put up with a few weeks of marital bliss from us. Yes, yes that does mean we'll be displaying affection in public. No, this is only like half a revenge, the other half is actual emotion.

Lissa: Being my aunt-in-law does not grant you free reign on pranks with no retribution.

Frederick: I'd appreciate it if you lightened the guard on Lissa's tent a little tonight. I promise my actions will not be lastingly malicious, even if Henry is involved.

Sully: We are not going to become known in the future as "Sully and the Bitches, plus pussy-ass boys".

Virion: I found a rulebook on chess. You've been cheating. – No, cheating is NOT a legitimate strategy – okay, yes, in real warfare it is but not in CHESS, come on!

Stahl: Please hide from Miriel for a bit, before she tries to figure out how to harness your mediocrity into a source of infinite energy.

Vaike: I never want to hear the phrase "I found Vaike's axe, it was in the dung heap" again. I swear to god, I'm going to staple it to your wrist. This is not an idle threat.

Miriel: Get some sleep, your cackling and declarations of "eureka" is starting to put everyone ill at ease for understandable reasons.

Sumia: Can you PLEASE stop asking when Lucina's going to have a younger Morgan?! I get you want to have grandchildren who are actually of an age to be spoiled, but it's getting a little creepy.

Kellam: Okay, so the stealth field didn't work as planned, it turns out that SOMEHOW the enemy can see THROUGH you to us. I'm really sorry about the ballista bolt, get well soon.

Donnel: …kid, I don't know what you think 'playing house' means, but I can assure you it's not that.

Lon'qu: What the hell are we going to do with all these potatoes?! Just because Lissa's pregnant doesn't mean that you have to take out your nervousness on them! Find another hobby to keep your hands busy, come on man!

Ricken: Miracle-grow is not a real thing, the enemy does not have it, please stop being this easy to tempt into switching sides.

Maribelle: I promise, we WILL find out who switched your tea with coffee, but that doesn't mean you can yell about bringing down 'retribution so extreme that even the gods themselves will tremble' on the perpetrator. However, if it turns out that IS a thing you can do, please tell me.

Panne: Yes, it is rabbit season. No, that does not mean you are going to get shot at. Please stop telling all the hunters it's duck season, there's no ducks to hunt and some of us get antsy when there's no fresh meat in our diet.

Gaius: Thank you for refusing to accept the bribe to switch to the other side. However, the fact that you then went missing for a week and returned WITH the bribe and covered in blood makes me think that if they guard it better next time you might actually switch. Please don't, we can get you plenty of sweets on our own.

Cordelia : Please, please, please don't encourage Owain. Yes, maybe that technique was impressive, but he's been

working on a 'super version' of it ever since and it's really annoying. – I KNOW it was just a compliment, but he didn't NEED any hints on how to improve it. Next time can you at least tell him he needs to practice it quietly because it's a 'super secret move' or something?!

Gregor: You did not once get so drunk you woke up in an alternate plane of existence, saved "the land of Cyrodill" and came back.

Nowi: Normally, playing house doesn't mean "let's find inventive ways to torment Donnel".

Libra: I promise, we'll never resort to having Gaius steal some of your paintings and selling them to raise money again. By the way, appreciation for your work is quite high. Apparently Walhart ended up purchasing one second-hand and is now the proud owner of "leaves on the wind", a Libra original.

Tharja: Repeat after me – the souls of the dead are not your playthings.

Anna: I shouldn't end up finding 'how to bankrupt the entire planet' schemes mixed in with the rest of our financial paperwork. Also, please don't bankrupt the entire planet.

Olivia: I think we can both agree, your son had it coming to him.

Cherche: PUT. THE. WYVERNS. BACK.

Henry: I need a favor, and that might be the single most ominous thing I've ever said in my entire life.

Lucina: I love you 3

Say'ri: I'm sorry we ate those koi, we didn't know they weren't for eating.

Gerome: We thought you would stop the flooding of the camp with wyverns, not encourage it. YOU WERE THE CHOSEN ONE

Inigo: I'm not going to apologize for beating you to a pulp, it was entirely deserved. The only thing I'm apologizing for is stepping out of the preordained order of people who called dibs on beating you to a pulp. Now apologize for standing my daughter up like that immediately. – Okay, fine, as soon as your vocal chords recover is an acceptable waiting time.

Morgan: The universe is not a stable time loop, as your existence proves. Please stop coming up with complicated theories, have you never heard of Occam's razor?

Severa: You're going to bankrupt us, please stop going on shopping trips and coming back with clothes rather than weapons. – I have been informed that you are going to be taking Lucina with you on your next trip. Proceed.

Owain: There is no such thing as 'the spirit of heroism flowing through your veins'. I sincerely hope you never discover alcohol.

Chapter 6: Chapter 5

Title: Robin's Bulletin Board

Rating: PG-ish

Summary: Announcements to the Shepherds from their tactician

Warnings: Absolute crack

Notes: Inspired by (read=idea totally taken from) 'Please Stop Eating The Hell Butterflies' (s/5982232/1/Please-Stop-Eating-The-Hell-Butterflies)

Attention All Shepherds: Lissa will stop being a frog within the week

Chrom: Don't tease me. Trust me; I have an ace card that will immediately win any argument I have with you. – I'm not going to prove it yet, it only works once.

Lissa: I'm sorry, I can't differentiate between croaks. Maybe this will teach you to never drop them down my shirt again.

Frederick: I'm not apologizing.

Sully: I swear to god, Sully, asking Frederick if that's "all he's got" at the end of the camp-wide fitness hour is one of the worst things you've ever said. Please never do it again.

Virion: Dear god, man, I didn't realize that your approach to women actually worked on this continent. Cultural differences are massive. Please teach me how you do it. – It appears that both of our wives have taken objection to this statement.

Stahl: I might have figured out a way to abuse your mediocrity. All we have to do is give you literally any weapon, and you'd already be able to use it at the complete average of the curve. So, that being said, here's a ballista. Nobody else knows how to use it, but you should be fine…I think. – Don't blame me, Miriel came up with it.

Vaike: No, I'm not removing the shackles attaching your axes to your hands. You're not even accurate enough with hand axes for it to matter, so stop complaining.

Miriel: I never, ever, ever, ever want to wake up to an explosion followed by a scream of "What has science done" again in my life.

Sumia: No, you're still not a 'proper' grandmother yet…that doesn't mean you can actively spend a large portion of the royal coffers to create Morgan's own personal library…I know that grandmothers are meant to spoil their grandchildren, but still, come on!

Kellam: Okay, fine, we'll stop using you as a spy since apparently we can't tell when you're handing in your reports.

Donnel: Dear god, kid, you hit your growth spurt hard. Those muscles are the size of a hammer.

Lon'qu: I can assure you, Henry confirmed that turning Lissa into a frog did not harm the child in any way.

Ricken: Puberty will happen eventually, Ricken, I promise – just look at Donny! …well, unless it already has and it's just been massively underwhelming.

Maribelle: I don't care how angry you are at me for doing that to 'your darling', if you don't stop waving that staff at me *you're next.*

Panne: I don't need to know the "good word about Bugs, Avatar of Chaos". I respect the Taguel religion, but please stop trying to convert us. Also, it kind of disturbs me.

Gaius: None of us care that you got arrested that one time, stop bribing the entire camp. It won't work, we have too much integrity. – Okay, I was mistaken. Please stop bribing ***me,*** because *I* have too much integrity. – Stop giggling.

Cordelia: There's being a perfectionist, then there's sorting all of the spears to be perfectly straight. What, are you pregnant or something? – …dear god, can anyone in this camp keep their libido in check?! Also, congratulations are in order. Please don't hit me.

Gregor: Gregor, why is there a bunch of people in full plate charging after you screaming "stop right there criminal

scum?" – NO, I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT THEY'RE FROM THIS CYRODILL PLACE AND SOMEHOW FOLLOWED YOU THROUGH DIMENSIONS TO PUSH CHARGES ON *DRUNKENLY RIDING A HORSE THROUGH A CITY*

Nowi: If you keep saying how old you really are as a defence, why don't you act like your age instead of your shoe size? – No, your shoe size is a 7 Ylissean, I know that over here in Valm it's actually a 23 but I meant a 7…

Libra: Tiki may be a divine being, but that doesn't mean you have to kneel and beg for salvation every time you look at her.

Tharja: I have never been so horrified by a song before in my life, no matter how well it was sung, especially when accompanied by flashes of purple and – somehow – *black* light. I find myself morbidly interested in these "Friends on the other side" you kept talking about.

Anna: *Sexual favours are not an acceptable currency, especially not when almost everyone here is married.*

Olivia: Despite what Owain and Cynthia have said, we do not need backup dancers for all of our entrances into a hall.

Cherche: Your son is of age, let him have his independence. I'm sure he'll learn from his mistakes through the traditional manner – that of a massive hangover and embarrassment.

Henry: Thank you. Now, please never use that hex again.

Lucina: Hi honey, sorry we've not spent much time together recently, I'm fairly swamped right now. There's meant to be a nice restaurant in the next castle, do you want to do dinner if we manage to avoid burning it to the ground in the battle?

Say'ri: I don't know if you're just really devoted to Lady Tiki's safety, or if you're actually just a lesbian. Honestly, if you are, I can't blame you for being attracted to her. – Lucina is angry at me again.

Gerome: You are not 'The Night'. Please never go out drinking with Owain again.

Inigo: I think I've made my intentions quite clear. By the way, Lucina wants to talk to you.

Morgan: Of all the things to get from your mother, why her sense of fashion?

Severa: Thank you for helping Lucina pick out those clothes. However, in the future, please don't cost me that much money… - Morgan, you say? Proceed.

Owain: Waiting to use a "super secret move" is not an excuse for not participating in the last battle.

Tiki: I know you're probably a divine being, but please try and convince Libra that he doesn't need to follow your every whim.

Cynthia: Hello, second princess of Ylisse. I am your commander, and also your brother-in-law. Yes, it's kind of weird, but just get used to it alright?